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The Boer Republic.

THINK not that Afric's continent was dark,
That gloom o'ershadowed all its mighty land;
Near where the brave De Gama doubled the
strand,
Lingered till late from Freedom's torch a spark.
It glowed and flamed, a people's shining mark,
Lighting the veldt when freemen took their stand,
Then flashed its ray in many a battle grand,
And flick'ring quenched o'er vanquished heroes stark.
Passing some day shall Liberty draw nigh
To whisper hope and trim her lamp anew;
Then like a mother sob in accents wild
Above the earth where did a nation die,
And write this epitaph for men to view,
"Behold the place where fell my dearest child."
PATRICK MACDONOUGH, '03.

The Natural Wisdom of Child-Life.*

FRANCIS C. SCHWAB, '02.

(CONCLUSION.)



NEVER were there such characters as some of Shakspeare's women. To know Miranda, Ophelia, Perdita, is a spiritual inspiration. When we are introduced to them, like Ferdinand, when first he sees Miranda, we are on a strange island, and we exclaim:

Most sure the goddess
On whom these airs attend;—vouchsafe my prayer

.... My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is—O you wonder!—
If you be maid or no?

And we are forced to notice—as when
Miranda answers,

* Prize Essay for English Medal.

No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid,—

that unconsciousness of self is their chief characteristic, that consequently their words are fraught with a mystical meaning, that they live in a world of light and beauty and song, and their beauty is supernatural on this account.

Ophelia and Perdita are such characters. Mr. Henry N. Hudson, commenting on Ophelia, says: "The central idea, or formal cause, of Ophelia's character stands in perfect simplicity: the pure whiteness of perfect truth. This is her wisdom,—the wisdom not of reflection, but of instinctive reason; a spontaneous beating of her heart in unison with the soul of Nature, and all the better for being so." Notice the lack of self-consciousness here:

HAM.: I did love you once.

OPH.: Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

And what shall we say of Perdita? She is surely nature's child, living among the flowers, breathing in innocence and beauty, and sending it forth whithersoever she goes. She thinks not of self, but lives in her lover: her first wish is to spread the beauty around:

O Proserpina,

For the flowers now that, frightened, thou lett'st fall
From Dis's wagon! golden daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength—a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! Oh! these I lack
To make you garlands of! and my sweet friend
To strew him o'er and o'er.

And Florizel sums up our estimate of this
enchancing character, when he says:

What you do

Still betters what is done; when you sing
I'd have you buy and sell so: so give alms;
Pray so: and for the ordering your affairs

To sing them too; when you do dance, I wish you
A wave of the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that."

Here are the brightest denizens of Shakspeare's domain of ideal beauty. Over the activities of these transparent souls, Nature throws a softened glamour. There are no dark shadows there to obscure her bright images. We instinctively feel that the world would be an infinitely brighter and more joyous place, if there moved in it more of these characters which, we must see, represent the height of human excellence.

Homer's characters, also, are examples to the point. Men call civilization progress; and if the criterion be accepted, our age has made great progress. But man from the beginning has advanced like a person mounting a steep and slippery hill. He rises so far, then slides back a distance more or less great. The old age of one generation slips to the infancy of the next. At the bottom of this hill of progress was childlike simplicity, and each generation has started farther from the base. We have become accustomed to the climbing; we push one another up; we rise faster and faster to catch the rainbow at the top. In the days of Homer's characters, simplicity, though not unalloyed, was strongly marked in men and women in the prime of strength. Take Achilles and Agamemnon as examples. Life for them was at least as unconscious and joyous as that of the youngsters that sell papers and black shoes on our streets. We have seen boys quarrelling over a game of marbles as these two heroes did about their prize,—the defeated one weep as did mighty Achilles, the victor bully as the great Agamemnon did.

Here their very faults render their unconsciousness apparent, just as dust-particles on a polished glass make us notice the glass. Homer's characters were so unconscious; that is, so childlike that they had not learned to subdue the conventional signs of weakness. Their actions were natural and spontaneous expressions of their souls, unhampered by any arbitrary restraints.

These characters and Shakspeare's more ideal ones represent the model for man: a life far removed from mere philosophizing on the questions of life—the morbid tendency of the day. Life should be as unconscious and joyous as that of the child. It should be a chase wherein all is forgotten save the goal. The moment one begins to flag and totter; a

cloud of dark doubts and misty questionings envelops him, and his eyes are turned away from the goal to himself. Strong living, like strong running, alone can throw this cloud of moral dust behind, which to the runner looking back only adds a glory to his chase. Man is thus a runner from his birth to his death; and he that strongly keeps his course ever toward the goal never loses the light. Although he passes out of the white brightness of the morning, Nature's images are still his own, mellowed into the sombre splendors of eventide.

Yet how many in every age have missed this divine light of wisdom! How many have flagged, and, blinded by the enveloping cloud, have loitered to arrange the dust-particles of doubt into some order of pessimism to delight their morbid minds! How many philosophers, so called, caught by the glitter of intellect, have used it for its own sake; and, ambitious to raise towers that would pierce the sky, have succeeded only in overshadowing the heart; so that, groveling in the shade, they worshipped their own work beyond which they could not see.

The true philosophers, however, the world's great men, dwelt ever in the light. They kept far in advance of all dark doubts; for they lived a full, abundant life. They were often careless even about the gold and gems of knowledge; for they had the gleam on the wheat-stalk and the sparkle of the dewdrop. They lived in the light of "elevated thoughts," which grew more and more wondrous before their astonished gaze; and with sublime unconsciousness communicated them to men.

Such were the poets that received Nature's wisdom. They were, like Wordsworth, Cowper, Coleridge and the others we have quoted, remarkable for their childlike innocence. And though there were some whose lives were stained, the sins they were guilty of were always those into which they had been betrayed by passion. They did not habitually loiter in the shadows; they merely allowed the cloud to rise about them for a time. Those that did, infallibly lost the clearness of their vision, and their poetry degenerated into mere rhetoric, with only the outward garb of a body that was lost. The poets we have mentioned could not have appreciated the child-life had they not something of it left to suggest the full beauty of what they had only partially lost. A voluptuous poet,

like Byron, never touched with his rude hand that sacred theme.

The greater the poet, the higher the plane of unconsciousness in which he lived, the fuller the light he received that made him great. Only the weak men that live in the valleys worship strength; for this is an idol made of clay, and can stand only in the shadows that haunt the lowlands. Before the full sunlight of truth, it must inevitably crumble away; and on the highlands, on which the world's great men lived, the sunlight beat fiercely. They realized that "the greatest of faults is to be conscious of none." Like Shakspeare, Homer, Dante, they were

As the greatest only are:
In simplicity sublime.

Often they became so unconscious of everything but the ravishment of light that they forgot not only self but others, and failed to communicate their visions. In these rare moments they skirted from mountain-top to mountain-top, when the very self-consciousness that communication implies, would have brought them back to earth. In their best moments they lived in rapt silence; and this is the greatest proof that unconsciousness opens up the way to Nature. As an example we have the childlike Thomas à Kempis, who wrote: "Often I could wish that I had been silent and had not been in the company of men." In another place, "Know that the love of thyself is more hurtful to thee than anything else in the world." And he wrote a book that has given inspiration to more persons than any uninspired writing. How did he do it? He did not sit down to reason out his subject; for what he wrote was beyond reason's sphere. He waited till the God of Nature gave him some thought, and withdrawing to his chamber, by a few strokes of his pen, bound the fugitive thought. His work is a collection of these thoughts, and while philosophers have lived and died and their works have perished, his book has stood like a rock amid the storms of change.

Nowadays, however, we are straying farther and farther from the child-life: the shades of the prison-house are becoming denser and denser; so much so that, if we are to believe Mr. Mallock, they have never been so dense before. Of the conditions in the world to-day, more different than ever existed in the past, he notices "the intense self-consciousness that is now developed in the world and which is something altogether new to it." "During the

last few generations man has been curiously changing. Much of his old spontaneity of action has disappeared. He has become a creature looking before and after, and his native hue of resolution has been sickled over by thought."

This tendency of the age, which is manifested in so many ways, is seen in a deplorable manner in its reaction on the child. The age-limit, when children cease to be children, is becoming less every year. The children are fast disappearing from the face of the earth. How often now we see in young bodies characters unnaturally rigid in evil! The child is very young to-day that will allow, as Achilles did, tears to distil through the hard crust of self-consciousness that forms so readily in the modern atmosphere. Instead of children, in many cases, we have miniature, careworn men, with notions on life unnaturally developed. Many children have lost too soon that enchanting brightness that Nature sheds upon unconscious souls, because too early they have entered the shadows. Only in few instances comparatively do we feel that instinctive reverence that should hang like a mystic vapor about youth, touching all that come near.

All, however, are not affected by the spirit of the age. There are many souls that strive to stem the current. In the midst of the flood many cries of protest are heard. Matthew Arnold made a plea for sweetness and light. Have we not pointed out the way? In the child-life there is sweetness; in Nature there is light. The sweetness of the child tends toward the light of Nature. We can be children all our lives, if we but deaden love of self. And since this is manifestly a duty, like every duty it will be rewarded; and as we grow more unconscious in travelling toward the child-life we shall find that

The path of duty is the way to glory:
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outreden
All voluptuous garden-roses.

Thus, too, shall we live consistently with the principles of Christianity that make it distinct from every other religion. Christ said: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." He Himself lived thirty years in the condition of a child: and Isaac, the boy, under the sacrificial knife, was a type of Himself. Meekness and simplicity, so much despised

by the world, was a characteristic of the disciples taught by Him. Nor did these virtues imply any weakness of the intellect; for He told them, "Be as wise as serpents but as simple as doves." The high wisdom of His disciples, however, came only with innocence of life; sin alone deprives men of it. "And this is the judgment: because men loved darkness rather than the light, for their works were evil." And in solemn words, approaching those of an oath, He says: "I confess to Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and the prudent and hast revealed them to the little ones. Yea, Father, for so it hath seemed good in Thy sight." More than this, He gave us a picture of heaven,—and what a picture!—when He says "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." The self-conscious shall not enter therein—"Unless ye become as little children ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven."

Twilight and a Fireplace.

At the hour when day slowly as if reluctantly gives place to night, when the snow creaks beneath the feet of passersby, when man and beast make haste to find shelter from the crisp air and descending darkness, what contentment man finds before the glowing embers of a fireplace.

On the grate lies a subdued monarch of the woods willingly ministering to man's least desire. The music of ten thousand rain storms, the radiant return of a hundred springs, the warmth of a hundred summers, and the fruit and experience of a century are diffused with the mellow light that fills the room faintly; a distillation of nature has been set free for man's spiritual want.

Be his feelings gay, the warmth and pleasing crackle of the fire lends life and animation to his train of thoughts; if sad, the subdued glow transmits the tenderness proper to inspire new hope. The fiery sun of summer and the northern blasts of winter, so long kept captives but now liberated, yield up with their genial light an air of peace and contentment that penetrates to man's deeper feelings. As long as winter twilights last, man will delight in the soft light from glowing embers in a fireplace.

F. H. McK., '03.

Varsity Verse.

JOHN L. CORLEY, '02.

TOLD FROM THE HOUSE-TOP.

I AM but an English sparrow;
I came by mistake
Into this land;
And every day
I hear men say
I am a fake.
I must admit
I do not earn a thing I eat,
Nor do I sing
Nor do I bring
A single bit
Of joy into the world:
All my fellow birds—
The Oriole, the Bob-'o-Link, the little Wren
Contribute each some little quota
To
The happiness
Of men;
And worse than all,
While
I do not help the world along
By killing bugs
Or giving song,
A nuisance I have proved to be;
For nothing but the best of stuff
Is good enough
For me.
I must have grain
Grown
From other's toils
To eat;
In vernacular they say,
I beat
My way.
Of this
I can not deny
A bit;
By all the rules of bird-sense I
Must admit
It.
And since I do not work
And do not sing
I am an outcast,
A hated thing.
But sitting here
And looking down upon the busy throng of men
And listening to their din,
Down in the streets
It seems to me
I see,
Surging on their thoughtless way
Each day,
Men
More numerous than my kin,
That do not know why they are on the earth
That do not add unto its charms;
That live as I live:
A useless thing;
That do not work,
That do not sing.

Cordelia.

JOSEPH L. TOOHEY, 1902.

All great characters in life and fiction are men and women of intense passion. Passion, intense passion, makes a man act. Man without passion is like a ship without sails. The great characters of Shakspeare possess intense passion. Passion always precedes action. Macbeth is actuated by the ambition to become king of Scotland. The foul passion of jealousy in Othello, formed by the demoniac villainy of Iago, forces the Moor to murder the innocent Desdemona. In Shakspeare passion precedes action and is augmented by it. The ambition of Lady Macbeth at first ripples along like a brooklet, then grows wider and deeper, till at last it rushes madly into a bottomless ocean where it is destroyed by the waves and storm-breakers of its own creation. Our interest in characters is aroused and sustained chiefly by their passions. We despise the foul jealousy of Othello; the debasing passion of Anthony nauseates us; we sympathize with Desdemona; we pity Lear; we hate Regan and Goneril; but Cordelia we love as the highest type of womanhood.

Cordelia is a highly dramatic character. Undoubtedly she surpasses most women of fiction in beauty of soul. She is actuated by a pure and lovable passion. Delicate and sympathetic, beautiful and refined, she is more than an ideal, she is "a living and breathing reality. Lear would not be possible without such a beautiful character as Cordelia.

This play is built around the insanity of Lear. The cause of this insanity is the old king's love for Cordelia and the ingratitude of Goneril and Regan. Shakspeare had a clear insight into the workings of the human heart. He alone could make a Lear disinherit Cordelia. The love for Cordelia was imbedded deep in Lear's heart; but the emotion of anger, when she refused to gratify his pride, with "glib and oily art," as her sisters had done, overcame the passion. Then in a burst of emotion he banishes Cordelia; but he can not banish the passion of love from his heart. He indulges in wine and the chase, but to no avail. Then he realizes the truth of Kent's words:

Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least.

The passion of love in Lear's heart longs for union with its object. Then Goneril and

Regan were objects of his anger since they were the cause of Cordelia's banishment. Lear's love for Cordelia mingled with the filial ingratitude of her sisters made him insane. So far, we have seen that Cordelia had to be a strong and beautiful character for the construction of the play; and that Lear would be impossible if Cordelia were other than she is. Now let us see in what her true beauty of soul lies.

A person capable of loving much is also likely to suffer much. How intense must have been the sufferings of the wronged Hermione, the innocent Ophelia, or the injured Desdemona? But Cordelia suffers more than any of these; she loves more. There are emotions in the human heart too deep to be expressed in words. Cordelia "had that within which passeth show." So intense was the fire of love in her heart when she heard the bombastic speeches of her sisters that she knew she would be unable to speak of it to her father. She must be content to "love and be silent."

We find marked contrasts everywhere. Nature and art often exhibit this fact to a marked degree. Mingled with the hissing of serpents may be heard the music of the sweetest songsters. The rose is entwined with thorns. Alongside the hot burning waters of geysers often run the cool, refreshing rivulets. We find the innocent Desdemona in company with Iago, and Cordelia a sister to Regan and Goneril. We can arrive at a better appreciation of Cordelia's beauty of soul when we contrast her with Lear's other daughters. The hypocrisy and flattery of Goneril and Regan burst forth upon the old man's soul like the hot water of a geyser which scalds rather than refreshes. Cordelia's words of love ripple forth like the waters from a cool refreshing spring. That Cordelia's love more than compensated for the ingratitude and villainy of her sisters is shown by these words of Lear when she is dead in his arms:

She lives: if it be so,
It is a chance that does redeem all sorrow
That ever I have felt.

Since Cordelia's love for her father was so great her suffering must have been intense when she was banished with his curse for a dowry. How touching and eloquent is her grief, how strong, how noble does she seem here. Her farewell speech to the murderers of her heart displays no jealousy or anger. Her few words of rebuke to her sisters are

given only for her father's good:

Ye jewels of our father, with washed eyes
Cordelia leaves you; I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am both loth to call
Your faults as they are named. Love well our father;
To your professéd bosoms I commit him;
But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.

This is her last speech with her sisters, a speech overflowing with love, pathos and filial devotion. These strong, noble and sublime words are enclosed in a mantle of womanly grace and loveliness. We see no more of Cordelia till near the end of the play. But, like the spirit of the mighty Cæsar, she is always present to our imagination. The poet has made the impression of her soul on us so real, so natural and with so exquisite an art that we can not lose sight of her. We know Lear's fate when she is banished. We know that Goneril and Regan are going to be unfaithful, and we look forward for some self-sacrificing act from Cordelia at any moment. When Lear raves we look for her to come and soothe him. We know that she will come to him when he is forsaken by all and in despair. And when she returns, she is the same lovable creature, anxious only to again see her father and minister to his sufferings. Her disinterestedness in everything foreign to her father's welfare is expressed in these words:

No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's sight.

Then, like a ministering spirit, she watches over her raving father. Her love unmingled with hypocrisy or sentimentality, flows naturally like the rays of heat from the sun. The quality of her love "is not strained, but droppeth as the gentle dew from Heaven" upon Lear's anguished soul. Her sympathy is more than Lear's madness, her love outweighs all the villainy and hypocrisy of her two sisters. She dies in prison, and we may truly say with the poet:

And when she had passed it seemed like the ceasing
of exquisite music.

She is a character that none but Shakspeare's genius could conceive, and even he could not have made her more noble, more true, more lovable. He completes this character in about one hundred lines and leaves nothing unsaid. We see her only as a faithful, loving daughter, but we know what she would do in any position or under any conceivable circumstance. When she speaks our whole heart

goes out to her candor and frankness. Her disinterested love for her father awakes the holiest and noblest impulses of our nature. We can not see her and not be the better for it. Our ideal woman, she is truly noble and good. She is so lovable, so noble and so good that, like Lear, we are content to remain always with her and hear her voice,

Ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.

A Woman, a Neighbor and a Chicken.

FRANK H. MCKEEVER, '03.

Old Mrs. Sheldon stood in her kitchen kneading bread. The indications for a wholesome baking were good and she was happy; moreover, the rain foretold by the damp atmosphere and dark clouds, would be very beneficial to her newly made garden. Her hands and wrists were covered with flour, and as she patted the loaves into shape, she was the picture of contentment and industry. The expression of her face changed, however, when she saw a chicken vigorously scratching up some radish seed that had just been sown.

The fowl belonged to a neighbor that lived just across the street. For the past week his chickens had been visiting the newly made beds, and the old lady had grown more indignant after each routing of the invaders. She and the neighbor's family were good friends, and no complaint of the damage had been made. For the first week or so the vigorous flourish of an apron or sun-bonnet had frightened the chickens away; but they had grown accustomed to this display of force, and did not fear it even when accompanied with the most vehement "shoo." It was now necessary to make chase or throw stones. Mrs. Sheldon was rarely successful in throwing, and a pursuit always produced the desired effect in the shortest time.

Not waiting to remove the flour from her hands, she ran out to drive the intruder home. She was in a hurry, for the bread needed immediate attention, and the fire would soon lack fuel. The flourish of her apron was more violent than usual, and pursuit was instantaneous. The result, however, was not all that could be desired. The woman was stout, and the chase on this warm morning was unusually prolonged. The chicken was driven from the radish plot at the first sally, but

obstinately refused to leave the yard; twice it circled the house, and at every cessation of pursuit, busied itself in some portion of the garden not before visited. Mrs. Sheldon, ordinarily the best-natured woman that you could imagine, was now thoroughly vexed and exhausted from her energetic exercise. She had not voiced her anger, but when she saw a stone suitable for throwing, she picked up the pebble and maliciously threw it when the first good chance came. Contrary to all previous experiments the aim was accurate and the fowl fluttered about on the ground.

At that moment the front gate clicked and she hastened to meet her caller before he should possibly come around to the back door and see the accident. Who should it be but the owner of the chicken? Mrs. Sheldon had known years of trouble between neighbors to begin from such trifles, and as she was of a peaceful disposition, her fears increased when she thought of the ill-feeling that might follow. That the fowl would die she had no doubt, for the stone had struck it squarely on the head. How could she explain the affair, and how would the explanation be received? To increase her agitation the neighbor wished to borrow Mr. Sheldon's wheel-barrow and this stood just back of the house from whence a perfect survey of the garden was possible. Of course, he would expect to get it were she to tell him where it was, and she was much perplexed to know what to do to avoid what seemed certain discovery with its attendant trouble. While she was detaining him in front of the house by showing him some of her early lilies, and trying to devise some scheme to get the wheel-barrow, the cries of a chicken as if just caught fell on their ears. Vainly, the poor woman tried to talk loud and keep the man's attention from the increasing sounds; he had heard, and ran around the corner of the building to investigate the cause of the disturbance.

Mrs. Sheldon followed with fears of the worst kind. The chicken had succeeded in rising, and half running, half flying was making its way back to its home with a great deal of cackling. Mrs. Sheldon did not attempt to give the neighbor any explanation, although he wondered what the cause of the fowl's strange actions was. She showed him the wheel-barrow and returned into the house. The fire was out and the baking spoiled, but she showed no dissatisfaction.

The Traitor.

GEORGE W. BURKITT, '02.

Sunset! In the west, black clouds are rolling up as an immense vault, dark and threatening. Here and there are rents like windows through which great floods of golden light pour down and leave a yellow path along the waters of the tossing deep.

Slowly along the shore of the loud-sounding sea, walks a young man, sore and sick at heart. He watches the long green swells merge into whiteness and roll upon the slanting beach, then gently recede into the endless ocean. Now and then a white gull noiselessly sails by unheeded, or, descending, skims lightly over the waves with silvery wings, and rising suddenly is lost in space. Night! The windows in the great vault are closed. Like a pall, darkness settles on the earth. The young man groans wearily. Nature herself seems to reproach him. The roar of the waves echoes and re-echoes that dreadful word, "traitor." Horrible visions flit before his distracted mind, and that sharp pain again clutches at his heart. "Yes; I shall surrender the fortress to you to-night! Remember, 'Lexington' is the countersign!"

Again there is a sharp pain near his heart, and he realizes that he is no longer the commander of a fortress, but a cowardly traitor walking slowly along the shore of the loud-sounding sea.

"Ah! there, there is my name, the ink still fresh upon the paper that proclaims me a—a"—and he gasped that dreadful word traitor!—"Would that I might blot it out with my blood!"

The wind had driven the black clouds from the west, and the rays of the moon glisten in the tears that rest on his upturned cheek.

Yonder in the moonlight a shadow slowly rises. Closer, closer it comes like some gaunt spectre. It is an aged man. His white, flowing beard reaches to his waist, sunken eyes stare fixedly from beneath shaggy grey eyebrows, and deep perpendicular furrows mark his pallid forehead like stains upon the morning snow.

Just as the third sharp pain rends his heart, the traitor stretches forth his hands to

the stranger and falls lifeless to the ground. He of the sunken eyes and deep, perpendicular furrows pauses beside the outstretched figure and touches the forehead with his icy hands.

"'Tis sad to die so young, but he was tired and needed rest," said Death.

The Philippines.

FRED J. KASPER, '04.

The Philippine Islands are situated east of French Indo-China. To the west of them is the China Sea, to the east the Pacific Ocean; Malaysia is to the south and Formosa to the north. The number of islands is estimated to exceed fourteen hundred. The distance from the most northern to the most southern island is very nearly three hundred miles. Luzon in the northern and Mindanao in the southern part of the group are the largest of the islands. In the southeastern part of Luzon is the city of Manila. The city of Mindanao is in the southwestern part of Mindanao.

The islands in general are mountainous and hilly. Dense vegetation is in abundance. Judging from some of the mountains, volcanic forces are thought to have shared in forming the archipelago. The loftiest mountain, Halcon, in Mindoro, which is directly south of Luzon, is but 8865 feet high. Several volcanoes are still active. The most remarkable of these is Mt. Fal, whose height is but 850 feet, and which is therefore one of the lowest volcanoes in the world; it is about forty-five miles due south of Manila.

Terrible storms occur in the Philippines frequently. In 1876, one of these caused much damage to property. Earthquakes shake things occasionally, and violent thunderstorms occur very frequently during the hot season.

In the tropical climate, where the Philippines are situated, three seasons are recognized,—the cold, the hot and the wet. The cold season is from November to March. It is the only one of the three whose name, *cold*, does not properly suit it. Compared with the climate of America it is the most enjoyable of seasons; in fact, fires are unnecessary. Following the cold season comes the hot season which extends from March to June. And very appropriately it is called *hot*. The heat is wellnigh unbearable. The wet season, which

is the last of the three, sees the rain fall almost continually from July to October. Many of the lowlands become flooded during this period.

Gold and silver are very meagerly distributed throughout the islands. The less valuable metals, copper, iron ore, and also coal, are to be found in abundance. The principal copper mines are in Luzon; a supply of iron ore is also found in this state. The coal is extracted from several valuable coal-fields; one in southern Luzon, another in western Cebu.

Monkeys and bats abound in the Philippines; the wild cat, a species of fox, the wild boar and the deer are met with. Alligators and reptiles are numerous in the waters of the islands. Elephants are now extinct. The dense foliage of the Philippines affords shelter to many varieties of birds, of which there are according to statistics some two hundred different kinds.

The Philippine Islands were discovered by Magellan in 1521. Their total population is estimated at 22,000,000. The original inhabitants were the Negritos, whose numbers are now reduced. They somewhat resemble the negro in features but are dwarfish. Like most savages they tattoo themselves and dress scantily. They wander from place to place and live a hunting life like many tribes in the uncivilized state.

Malay tribes, which are in different stages of civilization, now form the greater part of the population of the Philippines. By successive invasions they drove the Negritos into the more inaccessible regions. The principal one of these Malay tribes is the Tagal whose members live in the lowlands. In Manila it outnumbers other tribes. The eyes of the Tagal are large, and his head resembles that of a negro; his cheek-bones are high and his nose is flattish. Of course, his lips are large. His power of smell is more acute than that of any other human being. His dress is fuller than that of the Negritos. As an agriculturist he lives chiefly on rice, but also fishes and keeps cattle and poultry. The Spaniards introduced Catholicity amongst these savages who are now well on the road to civilization, although superstition still impedes their progress. Next in importance after the Tagals come the Visayas who inhabit all islands south of Luzon and north of Borneo and Lulu. This class is partly civilized. Many other tribes of less importance exist as may be perceived

from the fact that thirty languages are recorded. Amongst immigrants the Chinese are the most numerous.

Partly civilized as these Filipinos, taken as a whole, are it is not to be expected that they are yet capable of governing themselves judiciously. They have much valuable land, and under the guardianship of the United States, let us hope they will speedily become civilized and capable of producing wealth, and reaping the reward of their labors. Who knows? Several hundred years from now, possibly less, the Filipinos may be as civilized, independent, capable of self-government, and rich as any people in existence.

Alas! O'Higgins.

LEO J. HEISER, 1902.

"Necessity is the mother of invention," the old saying has it; and moreover choking a dog to death with hot butter is not the only way to kill the beast. At least, O'Higgins thought so recently, when he flung aside the old-time ways of getting to town without going in a carriage or letting everyone know it. He got to town, had a glorious time, and then—

The boys in the Hall had worked about all the schemes possible to fool the "guardians of the peace," and when the head prefect, old and battle-scarred, was removed and a young man, who looked like a second cousin of Holmes, the detective, was put in his place, "plans" on "skivers' lane" were at a premium. When the "Invincible One" was caught going up the fire-escape backward, thinking that the prefect would imagine he was going down after a pitcher of water, all hopes were abandoned, and the boys settled down for two months of uninterrupted school-life.

But the quiet, sober O'Higgins from Boston was a genius who was not to be baffled in his weekly trip to town. He had a plan by which he meant to get to the city on election night. He was studying electrical engineering, and was about to take his first lesson in applied mechanics. He invented a machine that would certainly serve him a good turn and make his home-comings safe.

He fastened to the doorknob of his room a very sensitive plate that would transmit a vibration from the door through a wire to an apparatus that O'Higgins called his

"Responsivgraph." This had its various fixtures, a battery and small graphophone attachment with a continuous tablet that had this record, "Yes, very busy." A vibration would be taken from the door by the sensitive plate, carried along the wire,—and the rest was very simple. The only trouble was that the plate had to be so very sensitive that it would only last for three or four transmissions. In the presence of a friend, who was sworn to secrecy, O'Higgins made several successful trials with his invention.

Well, election night came, and with it orders from headquarters that no student should go to town that night. Just before supper, O'Higgins set up his apparatus, and shortly after dusk slipped out the back way on tiptoe.

The crowd in town was very great; weather, pleasant, O'Higgins' temperature 103°; road—home, the longest way around; means of entrance, a picked lock.

About nine o'clock on election night, a friend of O'Higgins came to the latter's room and gave the "club" signal, four short raps.

"Yes, very busy," came from room 102.

"Open up, Dan, something very important," whispered the visitor through the keyhole, and gave the knob a turn.

"Yes, very busy."

The boy at the door became irritated, and with an angry retort (I don't know of what colour) he gave the door a vicious kick.

"Yes-yes, very busy-busy-busy-yes-yes-busy-buz-yes-bang! ! ! !

At ten o'clock, a half hour before bedtime, the prefect made his rounds and knocked at each door. At 102 he received no answer; another knock and still no answer. Then there was the rattle of a bunch of keys, and behold! the wreck of the "Responsivgraph," but no O'Higgins.

Number 17, east bound on the Lake Shore, due at 4.10 p. m. was twelve minutes late the next day. There was only one passenger waiting at the station, a care-worn, sober-looking, young man, who bought a ticket for Boston.

"THE growth of the higher self leads to self-denial and self-conquest. The more really one becomes a person, the more clearly does he perceive that the end of life is union with the divine Person. The more perfectly he fulfils the moral law, the less his conceit."

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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The Board of Editors.

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FRANCIS DUKETTE, 1902 H. EWING BROWN, 1902

VITUS G. JONES, 1902

JOSEPH L. TOOHEY, 1902 FRANCIS BARRY, 1903

REPORTER.

J. PATRICK O'REILLY

—The SCHOLASTIC extends a hearty greeting to the students that have entered at Notre Dame for the coming year. The pleasure of making the acquaintance of new friends is almost as great as that experienced in meeting old ones. We hope the year just begun will be a successful one for all.

—Whether we can afford it or not many of us devote considerable time to extraneous reading, and at the commencement of the scholastic year each is confronted with the question: What books should I read? If we read to while away an hour or for mere pastime the question deserves no serious answer. If, however, we have a higher object in view—and our preceptors hope we have—then a judicious selection of books is of the utmost importance. In making the selection we can receive valuable assistance by consulting an instructor that has made a special study of the subject on which we are seeking information.

—The football season is again with us, and enthusiastic and numerous as the candidates for places on the team are, we would like a further increase in their number. Every student worth his salt should be animated with a desire to see his college excel, and the surest means of witnessing this result is for each to take a living, active interest in college affairs. All may not have in them the

possibilities of a successful football player, but that is no valid reason for their indifference. Those endowed with a generous supply of grit and muscle and anxious to increase the stock can not do better than try their luck on the gridiron. In fact, they can not shirk the effort if they are possessed of true college spirit. Upon the others less fortunate devolves the duty of rendering moral support by their presence and encouragement at all the practice matches and home games of the season.

—The information conveyed in a census bureau bulletin lately issued will doubtless prove unwelcome news to many. The per centum of illiterates in the United States is still deplorably high, and contrary to the general belief, illiteracy is more prevalent among the native-born than in the case of immigrants. These results are largely due to the stagnant condition of education in the South, particularly in regions where the negro population is dense, but even in the New England States there is ample room for educational activity. We are a great people, and we lead the world in commercial enterprise, but in the matter of education we shall have to join in the procession for some time to come.

—A college paper and the brook that Tennyson wrote about resemble each other in some degree. Men may come and men may go, but they go on forever,—at least this is pretty generally true. The SCHOLASTIC shares the experience of other college periodicals in regard to the changes on its staff. This year the names of several able contributors have disappeared from the editorial list. These gentlemen completed their course at Notre Dame successfully and are now engaged in new fields wherein we trust their worth will meet with speedy recognition. It is gratifying, however, as well as a fortunate circumstance for this paper, that a few of last year's graduates have returned. But while many of the old board are with us there are still vacancies to be filled, and now, as heretofore, the students best qualified will be selected. This item should not be forgotten by those in the higher English classes. On the standard of their work during the coming sessions will depend their success or failure in securing a place on the board of editors next year.

—The new student registering in the office sometimes asks: "Lecture Course, what's that?" and he sometimes "guesses that he don't want to take that." If these new students could have been shown the programme that our Very Rev. President has arranged for this year's course their hesitancy would have ended. We will have lectures by some of the best speakers of the country, and concerts by high-class companies. All of the dates have not been settled, but we give as much of the programme as possible in this issue.

The course will be opened by the Hon. W. Bourke Cockran, Lætare Medalist in 1901, whose fame as an orator and public speaker is too widespread to need any mention here. Mr. Cockran has promised to give the lecture on whatever date the University may select; some date in early October will probably be chosen. John Talbot Smith is booked for January; Henry Austin Adams, Notre Dame's favorite lecturer, has been secured for two lectures, February 13 and 14, and the Reverend Francis C. Kelley for early April. President Morrissey also has received promises from Archbishop Ireland, Bishop Spalding, and Bishop O'Gorman that they will address the students during the coming year. Dates will also be held for Hamilton Wright Mabie of the *Outlook*, and Dr. Henry Van Dyke of Princeton.

The first of the concerts will be by Brooke's Chicago Marine Band Orchestra of twenty-six pieces, on October 20. On November 28 the stage in Washington Hall will accommodate as many as possible of the fifty-two members of the famous Banda Rosa under the direction of Maestro Eugenio Sorrentino. These two attractions alone are worth almost the price of the season ticket. The Mendelssohn Male Quartette is booked for January 31. On January 24 we will hear the Boston Ladies' Symphony Orchestra, an unusually fine company composed of twenty-two talented musicians.

A more complete programme will be published in another issue of the SCHOLASTIC when all the dates have been settled.

—The registration at the University is steadily mounting toward the coveted ten hundred mark, and there is every indication that '02-'03 will be a banner year for Notre Dame. Sorin and Corby Halls have already taken in their "Rooms for Rent" signs, and in Brownson Hall the demand for desks

threatens to outrun the supply; Carroll Hall and St. Edward's are up to the average. The SCHOLASTIC congratulates the University authorities on the almost inevitable necessity of erecting Walsh Hall next summer.

The Seniors, the men who expect to carry off their dips in June, have returned and are settling down to hard work for the final year. The books in the Director of Studies' office show so far a total of forty-three candidates for degrees, divided as follows: for the degree of Bachelor of Laws, twelve candidates; for the degree of Civil Engineer, nine candidates; for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, five candidates; for the degree of Bachelor of Letters, four candidates; for the degree of Bachelor of Science in Electrical Engineering, three candidates; for the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy, two candidates; for the degree of Mechanical Engineer, one candidate; in the Pharmacy department, five candidates; in the short course in Applied Electricity, two candidates. The names of the men and the degrees they are striving for are as follows:

Bachelor of Arts: Charles A. Gorman, Francis J. Barry, Emiel P. De Wulf, Robert J. Sweeney, Robert E. Lynch.

Bachelor of Letters: Matthew J. Walsh, Francis H. McKeever, Herbert J. Medcalf, Dominic O'Malley.

Bachelor of Philosophy: Robert E. Hanley, Patrick MacDonough.

Civil Engineer: Joseph A. Fahey, Harry V. Crumley, Edward C. Wurzer, Paul F. Rebillot, Arthur E. Steiner, Patrick W. O'Grady, John H. Neeson, Francisco Rincon, C. P. Kahler.

Bachelor of Science in Electrical Engineering: F. J. Petritz, Fred L. Baer, Victor Arana.

Mechanical Engineer: Francis A. Smöger.
Pharmaceutical Chemist: Rafael Gali.

Graduate of Pharmacy: Lawrence H. Luken, Edward V. Gavigan, Francis J. Shaughnessy, Oscar P. Goerg.

Applied Electricity: Vincent Corbett, Chas. J. Mulcrone.

Very probably by the end of next week the number will be still further increased. Sweet are the delights of vacation, and not every student can suffer himself to return at the appointed time. The SCHOLASTIC takes this early opportunity of wishing success to these candidates. May the year on which we have entered be to them one of profit and pleasure, and may they never hear of trouble till they're bid to its wake,—which will be held about June 13.
H. E. B., '02.

A Need.

A noted and eloquent young United States senator recently said that the message of Washington's life to the American people is discipline; and that the need of American character is discipline. Washington's fellows were as patriotic and courageous as he; but Washington gave balance and direction to elemental forces.

The question of discipline comes very near to many young men in their selection of surroundings calculated to form studious habits. Some persons may be able to compose sonnets and solve problems during the distraction of a play-hall performance, but the ninety-nine can get on much better with like exertions when more advantageously placed. The band can not play all the time, and the worst coward is the man who is afraid to be left alone for a time with his own thoughts. Two-thirds of the machinery of education comprise mental gymnastics, and little more: all that stands for discipline.

The black bass has always bit at the *pork rind* as has the frog jumped at a piece of red flannel since first red flannel was made—phantom minnows and elaborate fishing-tackle to the four winds! There can be no evolution in manners there; but the bass in grace of movement and the frog in strength of voice show the result of nature's discipline. Although man's manners and tastes change, he always bites at the same *pork rind*; but he colours that so much with his imagination that to him it is no longer a mere *pork rind*. And so long as pork of necessity is a much-used factor in a Gentile's diet, why should not one's discipline and education put the colours of a sunset in it?

When a boy's father orders him to carry a cord of wood from the shed to the back yard and then carry the same cord back to the wood shed, the father does not do this in order to settle any convictions of his regarding wood transportation; he is merely following convictions as to the right kind of discipline.

Goldsmith, the poet, was well brought up. He got much of his discipline when he was young, as everyone should. This did not aid him in amassing property, yet it made possible the incomparable sentiment and expression of "The Vicar of Wakefield." His youthful poverty and discipline did not leave a shred of selfishness in Goldsmith's mental

and moral make-up; and when fame had furnished him not clothes but a king for patron, he forgot his own hard circumstances to ask aid for a struggling young brother.

When Seaward had every assurance of a clear road to the presidency, an almost unknown possibility, in the person of Abraham Lincoln, came out of the West. Those two men stood as one in their attitude toward the slave; and though Seaward saw Lincoln in the place he himself had striven so hard for, he accepted a position in his rival's cabinet and fought at Lincoln's side for the abolition of slavery. It was not so much the man anyway, it was the measure; but such adherence to conviction was the result of a rare discipline.

The hours, days, months and years spent by a real student, as a student, are somewhat burdensome; at least, at the time they are thought to be burdensome. However, each day studiously and sinlessly spent forms a material instalment on an absolutely sure and safe investment; and just because father may have said this is no sign that it is not so.

If Demosthenes' philosophy had been as good as his eloquence, perhaps he would have borne his banishment with a better spirit; at any rate, Plutarch appears to have thought so. Relying on which, we have reason to ask if Demosthenes' discipline aimed at the cultivation of eloquence only? And though Cicero may be forgiven his many boastings, he did appear to lack courage when speaking in behalf of Milo, and he certainly vacillated quite inconsistently between Pompey and Cæsar. Was this owing to a lack of early discipline, or does Plutarch put it too strongly because jealous of Cicero's other attainments?

Anyway, everything that makes for lasting good, whether that good be material or spiritual, results from discipline. The only fit commander is one who has served. That the pumpkin is grown in a summer while it takes scores of winters to grow an oak is trite, but it is true; and the oak is nothing if not an educated acorn. The north wind forms the oak's discipline. If a student lack persistence and courage in duties made as attractive as duties can be made, how can he expect ever to realize his castles? Castles in Spain are built by fancy, but never reached unless by the road of discipline. F. F. D.

Athletic Notes.

The Faculty Board of Control has selected Messrs. Daly and McGlew to look after the management of athletics for the coming season. We congratulate the gentlemen of the Faculty upon their choice and wish the new management every success.

The football squad started practice last Monday under command of Capt. L. J. Salmon. There is a fairly good number of the new men out, but there are several big heavy men whom we have noticed strolling around the yard, that ought surely to make their appearance. It's a duty we owe to our college to be always ready to fight for her colours, and every able-bodied young fellow in the University who takes any pride at all in the success of his *Alma Mater*, should do everything within his power to assist her to success. Capt. Salmon says he has not half enough candidates as yet. Why not go out and help to swell the list and encourage the others? "Why," you hear some say, "I've no chance to make the team." What if you don't make the team. Its success ought to be as much to you as to any member of the team, and every time you report for practice you contribute your mite toward its perfection. Go out, fellows, even if you have no show. It will encourage those in charge, and cause the regular members to put forth their best efforts.

The following members of last year's team have, so far, reported—McGlew, O'Malley, Lonergan, Kirby, Nyere, Cullinan, and Fansler; Draper and Guerin of the second eleven.

In the write up of the track team in the mid-summer number of the SCHOLASTIC, the names of some of the most prominent members of the team were omitted by mistake. Although it is rather late now to atone for this blunder, still the SCHOLASTIC feels that it is bound to give them some mention.

BERT W. McCULLOUGH.

Mac was practically a new man in field athletics last Christmas, but by the time of our first Indoor Meet he was able to handle the shot in a very effective manner. He made a splendid showing in that meet, and not only out-distanced the Cardinal's weight men, but even came within a few inches of Captain Kirby's put for first. His best work was done during the outdoor season in the hammer and discus. We expect McCullough to rank with the best weight men in the West next season.

EUGENE D. STAPLES.

Staples needs no introduction to the majority of our readers. His running this season placed him in the list of the best college sprinters in the country. He was one of the strongest runners of our famous Champion Relay team. The two-twenty yard dash was his specialty. During the Wisconsin Meet he annihilated all previous records in this event; but the A. A. U. would not allow the record to stand as but two watches were held on the race.

DRAPER.

One of the most promising candidates Notre Dame has ever had for track honours, is Draper. Draper is but eighteen years of age, but is well developed and strongly reminds one of our old star, J. Fred Powers. He was tried out last season at high and broad jumping and all the weight events, and gave a good account of himself in each one.

JOS. P. O'REILLY.

To the venerable founder of Notre Dame belongs the distinction of being the first to bring a bicycle to the United States. The following interesting reference to the incident appeared in the Peru (Ind.) *Evening Journal* of August the 16th, 1902:

Orlando Mosely, the plumber, claims to have ridden upon the first bicycle ever in this country.

"It was in 1868, I think," said Mr. Mosely to the *Journal* reporter, "while I was a student in Notre Dame University near South Bend, that I rode the first bicycle ever in the United States. The Rev. Father Sorin, a priest of Notre Dame, went abroad in 1868, and while in Paris he saw many people riding bicycles. 'What a fine thing for the students,' thought he, and so he bought one of the wheels and sent it to us by express.

"The bicycle was about as high as the ordinary safety of to-day, and it was all iron except the leather saddle. The pedals were attached to the front axle and the rider sat almost over them. The tires of the two wheels looked like those of a cultivator, and the spokes were three-eighths of an inch thick. The saddle had no springs under it, and the rider was jolted about almost as much as he would have been had he been standing upon a hay rack going over a rough road at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour.

"But the students had a good time with the wheel. There were over four hundred of us, and one would ride until he fell, then he would have to give the 'bike' to another. In falling we usually got our shins skinned by having them caught between the wheels. I learned to ride the wheel after a few trials, and I suppose I would have no trouble riding one of the wheels of to-day.

"The first bicycle in South Bend created a great stir. After the one we had made its appearance a few times every man and boy in town who could get together two wheels of any sort made a bike and rode to his heart's content."

Exchanges

The exchange table this week groans dismally; for it bears the weight of many ponderous graduation theses in the commencement numbers. For these, and for the briny odes to "Parting," we have no special comment. They mark a stage in the development of the collegian with which we do not care to deal,—the transformatory stage, in which our friend, the student, becomes a stately grad. We have to deal in these ex-columns with the works and workings of collegedom. The ex-man's purpose is to mirror forth the characteristics of the different college magazines, with comments on their different styles of work. The commencement number of a college magazine presents but few of the characteristics of the other numbers, and so we pass it by.

We like to head our exchange list, in this our first attempt at criticism, with an old reliable favorite; such is the *Princeton Tiger*. The commencement number of the *Tiger* is before us, and, wonderful to relate, is just as interesting as the ordinary number. This magazine breathes forth the spirit of the college town, and tells of jolly fellowships and student pranks. It seeks only to "mirror faithfully the quips and jests, the farcical tendencies and the absurdities of the life of our little microcosm;" and to "give expression to the breadth and meaning and splendor of the indefinable something which spells out our *esprit de corps* and devotion to *Alma Mater*." The *Tiger* is a relief, a rich oasis in the desert of dry and dreary theses.

The *Oberlin Review* we commend for the interesting way in which it deals with the doings of the college and the manner in which it champions the cause of Oberlin and adopts the prejudices and enthusiasms of the students. The *Review* is weak in literary matter, with now and then an unusually good bit of verse. In the commencement number, under the title "Senior Step Songs," the *Review* presents a choice collection of old favorites.

The *Young Eagle* from Sinsinawa, Wis., shows us the advisability of having a staff artist. The illustrations in this little paper add interest, and show a kind of student work

that does the institution credit. Some of the verse contributors are guilty of most egregious fallacies, but then their metre is exact, and maybe that is what they chiefly aim at. The "Ode to the Sacred Heart," has depth of feeling and an appropriate rhythm. In the article "Poetic Interpretation of Nature," the author seeks to prove that none but a poet can interpret nature.

The *St. Vincent College Student* contains an appreciative article on Henry Austin Adams, very rightly calling him a "strong character and a soldier in God's cause." The eulogist grows belligerent over the way in which the local press "fears that by giving credit to such a lover of truth, it would lose some of its bigoted and narrow-minded subscribers." This number of the *Student* is filled with commencement doings, but at the same time contains some interesting and instructive little articles well worth reading. H. E. B., '02.

Personals.

—Word comes that Mr. James Ward, student '94-'98, has joined the ranks of the Benedicks. He was married to Miss Maud Cushing of Chicago.

—Mrs. E. Mathews, of Highwood, Ill., visited her son Edward of Carroll Hall last week. She was accompanied by Miss M. Ives. Both made many friends at the University during their short stay.

—A recent letter contained news of several "old students." Art Simpson, of Dallas, is Assistant General Freight Agent for the B. and O.; Eugene Campbell holds a responsible position in the Merchants' Laclede National Bank at St. Louis; Theodore Watterson is a reporter on the *Chicago Chronicle*; G. rardin is running a hotel in St. Louis; Chassaing has an enviable position with the Wabash RR.; Charles B. Bryan, Litt. B. '97, is a rising lawyer in Memphis, Tenn., and Grand Knight of his council of the Knights of Columbus.

—Mr. John L. Corley, Law '02, delivered an address at G. A. R. Convention held at Millwood, Mo., July 4. The *Millwood Democrat* says of Mr. Corley: "Great interest was taken in the leading questions confronting the public minds of to-day as ably expounded by John L. Corley, Hon. Champ Clark and Lieut. Gov. John A. Lee. The last two named veteran speakers paid ample tribute to the remarkable ability of John Corley, whose youthful appearance first struck the crowd, and whose masterly argument and powerful oratory afterwards astonished them. It was indeed a grand display of talent, and if Mr. Corley continues to advance he will soon place his name high among the men of fame."

Local Items.

—W. A. Shea, Litt B. '02, and President of his class has decided to enter the Columbia Medical School. Much is expected of Will, as he was one of the leaders of last year's class.

—Robert Krost, B. S. '02, spent a few days at the University. Robert is going to enter the Northwestern Medical School, and it is the belief of his friends that his success will be as marked as it was at Notre Dame.

—Who bought the Gymnasium?

—FOUND:—A new hat, size 6¾, which owner can have by applying at room 1, Sorin Hall.

—"Awfully glad to see you, Jack! When did you get in? Uh, uh! Well, good-bye! I'll see you again." Wouldn't that jar you?

—Shades of summer time—Runaways, telephone calls, boat rides; M. B. Juli—Burr—, college pins,—Keiler, L. C., log cabins, etc; these things, still bother the minds of our old friends, Messrs — but that's another story.

—We have learned from good authority that Brownson Hall has found a worthy successor to Snyder of happy memory. This is welcome news to Ray Lee and Co., who were looking forward with some misgivings to the long winter evenings.

—1st Academician: "The Notre Dame boys are no longer stylish, because you see the stile has been torn down and a grand stone entrance put in its place."

2d Academician: "Oh! Well, then, they must be entrancing."

—The Inter-Hall team has been organized. Grover C. Davis was elected captain and Robert Clarke manager. Games have been arranged with several outside teams, and every effort is being made to have a team able to cope with any High School or academic team in the State.

—Brownson Hall never boasted of so many students as at present. Every seat is taken, and several of the aisles are filled with desks. This condition of affairs does not exist in Brownson alone, as nearly every other hall is taxed to its utmost. Everything points to one of the most successful years in the history of the institution.

—A few evenings ago we heard some sweet sounds coming from the direction of Brownson campus. Curiosity directed our footsteps towards the campus, and there we found the Brownsonites gathered about our friend, "Oh I Dunno," who was giving an imitation of a fellow he once saw on the stage. He made an awful hit with the crowd.

—The Philopatrians were reorganized by Bro. Cyprian Wednesday evening, Sept. 17. The result of the election of officers was as

follows: M. J. Kenefick, Chairman; H. P. Fisher, Vice-Chairman; J. B. Morrison, Treasurer; G. C. Ziebold, Recording Sec'y; E. M. Kennedy, Corresponding Secretary; C. DuBrul, Sergeant-at-Arms. An interesting programme has been arranged for the next meeting.

—By a curious process of evolution the Carroll Hall Tigers will be known in future as the Trojans. Last year the Tigers were only the second or third team. This year they are the first. We will not inquire into the relation between athletic prowess and classic titles, unless it be that the Trojans were among the foremost warriors of antiquity. Charles Winter was elected captain and Julio Usera manager. To prove they were worthy of their new name, they beat the second team by a score of 15 to 0 on Thursday afternoon.

—What has happened to Jeff Murfee? Those of last year's Sorinites that have returned are growing anxious regarding him. At a meeting held a few evenings ago, over which Mul Ve presided, it was unanimously decided to order a selection of the latest ragtime music in anticipation of Murfee's return. Up to the present however, we are unable to chronicle the arrival of either Murfee or the music. It has been hinted that Murfee intercepted the music on the way, and is spending a few days in practice at some point between here and Chicago where he was able to obtain the use of a piano. May some wind waft him back, with or without his voice, preferably without it. This seems an uncharitable aspiration, yet in consideration of past experience we can not wish otherwise, except of course on the condition that he signs a contract *not* to sing.

(With apologies to a long fellow.)

Lo! he cometh straight from Kansas,
From the land of rolling prairies
Where the harvests waving golden
And the limpid waters singing
And the birds in tree tops twitter
In the month of rose and sunshine
Greeting Grattan Hiawatha.
He the valiant and the fair one,
Tall and thin like Don Quixote
Loved by many fair-haired maidens
In the Pair of Dice of Kansas
In the realms of Independence.
In his wigwam nightly gather
Youths, the victims of Dan Cupid;
There the air is dense from stogies;
Through this air the love-light streameth,
From the pictures on the table;
Youths converse in words deep, mystic,
Only known wherever Venus
Casts her love-light, sprinkles balsam
On the wounds of love-sick students.
Here they laugh and smoke and roar,
Only this and nothing more.

—A marked copy of the July number of the *Sheldon Hummer* (Iowa), arrived at the SCHOLASTIC office the other day. The front page contained a two-by-four picture of our colleague, B. Trick Peekum, alighting from the train at the Sheldon Pump Station on his return from college. The second page was

filled with notices of B. Trick's wonderful success at college as a long distance sprinter and hurdler, and on the third page we found a short account of his Fourth of July speech before the United Association of Potatoe Bug Destroyers. B. Trick's speech reflected great credit on himself and the association before which he lectured. He promises to repeat his performance in the Brownson reading-room some time in the near future. Beware of imitations.

—Song sung by hand-ball trust quartette.

IN KEY X SHARP.

Miguel L. is back again, hurrah, hurrooh.
Miguel L. is back again, tra la.
Oh! he's back again, they say,
As fresh as new-mown hay.
Won't we have a jolly time, hoop, la,
Zum, zum, zizzy (repeat thirty times.)

SECOND SPASM.

Miguel is a famous man by gosh,
Miguel is a famous man to josh;
He's a hully-go-wazeldy-loo
And he wears a good-sized shoe,
Oh! won't we have a jolly time, bazoo,
Didde-de-dum, dum (thirty six times.)

THIRD SPASM.

Miguel was born in May by gum,
Miguel was born in May down hum.
He can play ping pong and tag;
He can dance and punch a bag,
Oh! will we have a jolly time? ask him.

CHORUS.

Miguel, we're glad you're back,
We're awfully, awfully glad,
But if you want to please us more
And settle many an old, old score

Don't ask for the makings—in Brownson—any more.

—"Happy" was the victim of a curious incident during the vacation. One hot, sultry afternoon in July he was sitting beneath the cool shade of a cucumber vine, his artistic thumbs neatly entwined about a two-by-one garden rake, and small globules of sweat protruding from his mobile forehead. It was about the hottest part of the day. He was dreaming of the good old days when he and Miguel used to meander across the meadow in the direction of the stile and there breathe forth his feelings in various manners. But fate, cruel fate, had separated him from his friend and had doomed him to labor mid the cucumber and the thistle. These thoughts lulled him to sleep, and he began to dream. He was just at the climax when he felt a light tap on his shoulder, and looking up he beheld a fair young maiden of twenty-nine summers smiling down at him. Blushing clear to his shoe tops he arose and made a coronation bow. The pretty maiden sighed and tears came into her eyes as she poured forth a tale of suffering and privation into the ears of sympathetic "Happy." She and another companion of thirty odd winters had escaped from a cruel stepfather, and were on their way to a rich uncle in southern Illinois. Their money was gone and they were in immediate danger of

starvation. The chivalric spirit of our hero arose, and bidding the girls follow him to the kitchen, he ordered a sumptuous repast, then took them to the station in a buggy, and after purchasing tickets and handing the pretty maiden an envelope containing twenty-five, he bid them a fond farewell promising to go down and see them when they were settled. A week later "Happy" visited Chicago, and there saw the pictures of the coy little maidens adorning the rogue's gallery.

—The hand-ball trust promises to be of a more classic nature since its occupation of the new club-house. Ask V'Ought. He hails from Jeffersonville and is reputed to be the best-natured student in Sorin Hall. But he nevertheless believes that there are times when patience ceases to be a virtue, and in his human frailty, he sometimes makes a mistake in the time. For instance, when he returned this year, his countenance all beaming with good-fellowship and resolutions to employ his time valuably, an incident occurred which would have blasted the hopes of any other man in the University. But not so with the embryo doctor from Jeffersonville. He is made of sterner stuff. It all happened through his not meeting a friend when he arrived. The freight train on which he blew in had wandered along leisurely, and as a consequence he was tired. But he was happy as he walked to his room, thinking that soon he would sink into the comforting depths of his canopied couch and forget all about the railroad trust.

But when he unlocked the door what a sight presented itself. Some one else was occupying his room—*his* that he had drawn for away last June. He went back and looked at the number on the door thinking he had made a mistake. But no, there it was as plain and incontrovertible as a campaign cigar. "Go! durned," he muttered through his clenched teeth, and then anger, the anger of a strong man wronged, filled him. He seized one of the stranger's trunks and hurled it through the window, the other he wrenched high in the air, and sent hurdling through the corridor. It fell with a thud, and as it lay there, splintered into a thousand pieces, while red shirts, celluloid collars and face-powder filled the atmosphere, the hero of this tale stood like a statue and contemplated the ruin he had wrought. Just at that instant, however, his friend, the friend he had not seen, hove in sight and yelled: "Are you crazy, throwing your trunks around that way?" Then he explained how the baggage had arrived before the master, and by the good friend had been put in its owner's room.

The pride of Jeffersonville is a strong character, but misfortune overtakes the strongest. He bore it all bravely till he saw the face-powder, then he broke down and almost wept.